2/22/69

Harry McBurney phoned me about 12:30, from the Howard Johnson's restaurant on Rt. 340 near US 15, in Frederick, to invite me to lunch. I got there a little after 1. We left in about 50 minutes. He had eaten when I got there. He said he was on his way to Charles Town to the races, to see the "lady jockey". He had a small, inexpensive case with him, not what seems to be necessary for the races or for lunch. When he left before my coffee had come, I left right behind him. He got into a road-dirted, light, new-model Mercury, probably off-white or oyster-white in color, N.J. license GCT-290. He had told me earlier of having bumped into "Cochise" at Cherry Hill, N.J., but I had been led to believe by his initial call that he lived in Montgomery County, Md. His mother answered the phone when I called there in early 1968.

After a few comments on the "lady jockey" and the alleged courtesies she extends other jockeys, he said "Look, I don't care who killed John Kennedy". He said his only interest is living, that it takes him a thousand dollars a month to cover his overhead, that it requires $25,000 "to balance my checkbook" and gives him a few enjoyments, and his interest is in making money, to make this possible. He has an apartment and wife and two kids. This time he did not talk me out of doing anything, or, rather, trying to. I told him, "You do your thing; I'll do mine". However, he was interested in the assassination and did ask questions. He asked my opinion of who did it and I responded in Eisenhower's phrase, which I explained was shorthand that should not be taken literally. He made a hint about something happening to my files and switched that to a question, did I have an office somewhere. I said in my home, but that if anything happened to it I still had two sets of duplicate files elsewhere.

He asked me how I do it and I told him the property I own is worth much more than my indebtedness. He later returned to this property, asking me about it. He made notes on a Howard Johnson's card that was on the table. From the time we left the "lady jockey", except for the brief interval on my property, he stayed on one aspect of the assassination or another, despite his expressed lack of interest.

Just before leaving, when he said he had to go to get to the races, he switched the subject to the number of threats every President must get. I went along, agreeing there are always many. He then said couldn't one of these nuts have been responsible and nobody knew. I said possibly, save for the fact that no one man could have committed the assassination. He asked how this was and I said there was no question the President had been shot from at least two directions.

At one point he expressed an interest in reading my unpublished work and I told him that would be possible only if there was a serious possibility he might make a serious effort to get them printed and that anyway, he was not interested, seemed to be afraid, and they were too "hot" for him. He then dropped this.

His ending on whether one nut could have done the assassination and his earlier questions about my opinion who did are consistent with an effort to learn what I do believe and might write, are not consistent with his expressed disinterest and may mean nothing. However, when I add the things up, including what might happen to my files, I cannot dismiss the out of hand. His carrying a small case with him, and into the restaurant, when he is on the way to the races, is not consistent with normal needs of racing fans.

He said he'd be in touch with me in 8-10 days, that he might be able to ~~xxxxx~~ sell my property for a horse farm (which could be consistent with his interests and the tax break for an investor using the property in a low-tax manner) He asked what lawyer I would handle this with and I told him, giving him Canby's address.

It is difficult to say this means anything, yet there are inconsistencies and a few of the things that seize attention. There is something else I seem to feel about this, yet I can find no genuine basis. He is a well-built, fair-complected man with dark brown hair thin and receeding and straight. He has very dark brown eyes they seem to glisten. He seems muscular, yet with the suggestion of a paunch. He is about 6 feet, has a firm grip, and takes a lot of sugar in his coffee (light).